And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state,
Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,
And subiects punisht that nere thought offence,
Which care of them,not pittie of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my bodie pine,and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace,peace,and giue experience tongue,
They doe abuse the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered,but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heate,and stronger
Glowing,whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men,for they may erre,
When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince paadon me,or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else:but let your cares ore-looke,
What shipping,and what ladings in our hauen,
And then returne to vs,*Hellicans* thou hast
Mooude vs,what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke vp to heauen,

From whence they haue their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life fro

Hel. I haue ground the Axe my selfe, (th
Doe but you strike the blowe.

Per. Rise,prethee rise,sit downe,thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee fort,and heauē forbid
That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counsellor,and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me doe?

Hel. To beare with patience such griefes as you yo
selfe doe lay vpon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakst like a Physition *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a potion vnto me:
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe,
Attend me then,I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,
From whence an issue I might propogate,
Are armes to Princes,and bring ioies to subiects,
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest harke in thine eare,as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemde not to strike,but smooth,but thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who seemd my good protector,and being here,
Bethought what was past,what might succeed,
I knew him tyrannous,and tyrants feare
Decrease not,but grow faster then the yeares,
And should he doo't,as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listning ayre,
How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlayde ope,

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